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REVIEWS

The Harmony of Phrenology with the Scripture, shown in a Refutation of the Philosophical Errors contained in Mr. Combe's 'Constitution of Man.' By William Scott, Esq. Edinburgh, Fraser.

If we were to imagine two beings of a superior nature to man, like Micromegas and the Secretary of the Saturnian Academy, endowed with a spirit of satire, occupying themselves with the imperfections and misfortunes of our race, and seeking pleasure in the discovery of its impertinences and inconsistencies, this is just the sort of book that they would pounce upon with delight. Theology, as theology has too generally been treated, has, it must be admitted, a tendency towards narrowing the intellects and inflaming the passions; and Phrenology is notoriously the science (?) in which the smallest quantity of fact is mixed up with the largest quantity both of assumption and of presumption. Either of them, then, alone, would afford a sufficient arena for the display of all that is weakest in reasoning and intolerant in zeal, and would furnish the "mocking devils" we have supposed to amuse themselves at our expense, with as much materials for their pastime as they could reasonably desire. But the junction of the two, the accumulated weaknesses of both, afford one of those rare and unhopd-for opportunities for absurdity which none but superior natures could thoroughly understand, and perfectly enjoy; and we, who are not only circumscribed by our mortal coil; but also tied down to the dry duties of criticism, cannot do less than envy the inextinguishable laughter of the Sirian and his friend, if this work should by any hazard find its way into their remote spheres.

The circumstances under which Mr. Scott has written his volume are these:—he and Mr. Combe are brother phrenologists, and potent believers in the system of Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim (that is, with allowable differences, for the doctrine is yet a fluctuating and unsettled doctrine). Unfortunately, however, for their friendship and contentment with each other, Mr. Combe has a natural bias towards the positive, and Mr. Scott an organic preponderance of the imaginative; and the necessary consequence is, a divergence of opinion on the general bearings of the science, and "a very pretty quarrel" in the bosom of the Edinburgh Phrenological Society, terminating (if indeed it be terminated) in the retirement of Mr. Scott from that learned body, and the composition of this (by no means *brutum*) fulmen against the errors, venial and damnable, heretical and smelling of heresy, of his Mephistopheles of an opponent. To us, who are neither Montagus nor Capulets in this debate, it appears but reasonable (if reason ever had to do with polemics) to establish, with some approach to certainty, the reality of the facts and the truth of the doctrines of Phrenology, before we begin the inquiry into its harmony with anything: and moreover, if we were in Mr. Scott's place, we should pause before we put the Scripture on a line with this new-fangled science; lest, in the event of our not making out Phrenology to be "true as gospel," we should mislead the weaker-spirited to involve the Scripture itself in the doubts of Phrenology. Now, if we are right in this apprehension, Mr. Scott is the

less excusable, because he makes use of our argument against his adversary. He actually accuses Mr. Combe of prematurely making Phrenology a Thor's sledge hammer for the overthrow of moral philosophy, and rendering the fortunes of Christianity contingent on the introduction of Spurzheimism into the pulpit.

"He is in such haste," quoth the author, "in regard to this, that although Phrenology is a doctrine,—not of yesterday, that is too remote—though it is only a science of the present hour—only at this moment emerging above the mental horizon, and still incumbered by the mists and fogs of misapprehension and error, he would have them (the clergy) take it even now, in its present crude and indigested shape, and mix it up with the oracles of heavenly truth, the message intrusted to them by the unerring dictates of divine inspiration."

This is doubly unfair. First, as regards Mr. Combe, who is evidently attacked, not, as it is put forth, for comparing his crude science with Scripture, but for fancying he has discovered a disagreement between them. If the 'Constitution of Man' had happened to have been a 'Harmony of Phrenology with Scripture,' we should never (it is to be presumed) have heard of the crudity and yesterdayness of the Gallean revelation, which is dragged forward for the sake of the inference; and, secondly, as regards the public, it is unfair, after this formal denunciation of the insufficient and unstable nature of Phrenology, to bolster it up by an affirmation that it is in harmony with the Scriptures. Is not this entrapping the reader into a premature belief in the unproved science? for the Scripture is obviously consulted as the irrefragable standard of truth on the occasion. It should seem, from Mr. Scott's effort to establish an amicable arrangement between what is thus fluctuating and what is unchangeable, that he thinks any argument good enough to support his own theological views; and that Phrenology, though not ripe enough to contrast with these views, is perfectly mature when the question is of their harmony.

Whether Phrenology does or does not harmonize with the Scriptures, is a matter of not the slightest consequence to mankind, either philosophically or in reference to religion. This is a point which we would earnestly impress upon those unlearned and half-learned people among whom it is said Mr. Combe's book is so industriously disseminated, and to whom, by consequence, Mr. Scott's diatribe is most especially addressed. Phrenology does not in the least disturb the previously-acknowledged facts of the moral world. It neither adds nor detracts a cubit from the ancient moral and intellectual stature of humanity. What man was, and what man could and would be heretofore, that he is and can be now. Phrenology has discovered no new motives of action, nor imagined a new law for their government. All the world, previously to the publication of Gall's ideas, agreed that the brain, as a whole, was the seat of the faculties and dispositions which constitute mind, and, in some way, necessarily connected with its manifestations. Phrenology only teaches that it exerts this influence by the separate energy of its separate portions. All, therefore, that could at any time be predicated of man as a moral and intellectual being, is equally predicable, now that we are illuminated by the new doctrine,—and no more. The whole dispute then is, in its integrity, and in its details, *de land caprind*.

The only difference created by the new train of investigation is this, that particular moral manifestations, which formerly were assigned to something unknown in the constitution of the phrenological complex, are now assigned to specific differences of form and size, in detached portions of the brain. This, it is true, does bring into a more salient prominence the difficulties raised by the partisans of materialism and fatality, and, as it were, solicits the inquirer to dwell on them; but the difficulties were there before, and they are neither greater nor less,—nor are the answers to them one whit more or less clear, or more or less unsatisfactory, than they were before Phrenology was dreamed of. This is a point on which we dwell, partly perhaps to justify the tone we have adopted in this article, but more particularly to warn our more excitable readers from taking part with either faction, on grounds perfectly foreign to the question at issue. The truth of the phrenological doctrines, being a mere question of visible and tangible facts, and of the inferences which may be legitimately drawn from them, is still too much for the feeble, dialectic, and crippled philosophy of the age. Nothing can be more unphilosophical or illogical than the way it is treated; inasmuch, that it is more a matter of faith than of evidence; and the canon is as yet wanting in England by which men should weigh that faith with any chance of certainty or agreement. But if fanaticism is to kindle its torches in the temple of science, it is doubtful whether religion or philosophy will most suffer by the result: for our own part, we think that Mr. Scott, whatever he may have proved as against Mr. Combe, has totally missed his mark in relation to Phrenology. "It is quite clear (he says) that we are yet merely on the threshold [of the subject]—that Mr. Combe has but just broken ground before the walls of our Zion, and that he already contemplates still greater triumphs." And accordingly, the author, in answering him, has not further penetrated into the real difficulties of the question, which he has rather cavalierly overlooked. To those who really understand the metaphysical grounds of disagreement on the subject of the science, Mr. Scott affords no new lights. The difficulties all resolve themselves into the one great and fearful problem of the union and relations of mind and matter. To this problem, if the author brings not the learning nor the penetration of the philosopher, he brings, in abundance, the intolerance and the spleen of the polemic. His object is clearly far less to set tender consciences at ease, on an awful mystery, than to "floor" his antagonist, and to show Mr. Combe up to the elders of the Scots Kirk as an infidel and an atheist. But if this were even true, (and, as far as our very limited knowledge of Mr. Combe goes, we have no reason to believe that it is so,) we protest against such a narrow-minded and unchristian (because uncharitable) mode of dealing with an opponent—the calling of names, (whether in fact or by insinuation,) the exclamation of "mad dog" upon every or any the slightest difference of opinion, is morally as unwarrantable as it is intellectually weak.

Unfortunately for the peace of society, the spirit of fanaticism is not confined to the polemics of Phrenology; and this it is, and this alone, that gives either value or import to the matter in hand. Whether Phrenology be a

science or a delusion, whether Mr. Scott or Mr. Combe be its faithful interpreter, are questions of very subaltern influence on human happiness. But that the last forty years should have produced and confirmed among the people of these countries a habit of loose and illogical reasoning, and a relative incapacity of judging of abstract truths, is a proposition meriting serious examination. It is an obvious fact, that the philosophy of mind has retrograded among the people at large, since the days of Locke and of his immediate successors. Whatever may be the merit of the works which have since appeared in connexion with the subject, they have not contributed to raise the intellectual tone of the age:—the science of logic, more particularly, has fallen into universal neglect. The insufficiency of syllogistic forms to the attainment of truth having been discovered, the whole subject has been cast aside, and the logic of experience, the inquiry into the sources of certainty, and into the consequent canons for examining and arranging facts, and for drawing correct inferences from them, has, with but few exceptions, been suffered to drop—nay, it has not merely been neglected, but discouraged, as of evil and dangerous consequence; while a blind and uninquiring submission to authority, and a morbid running after the mysterious and the vague, have been inculcated, till society has been left almost without any solid criteria between truth and falsehood.

The effects of this misdirection of the public mind—of this Machiavellian tuition in error, are manifest, not only in the multiplication of religious sects, and a fanatical search after every extreme of doctrine, but in the sciences also. To this we must attribute the successive vogue of Animal Magnetism, the extravagancies of the homœopaths, St. John Longism, metallic tractors, the triumphs of Morison, and the long list of professed quacks, &c. To this also we must assign the existence of sects in political economy, and the maintenance of so many often-confuted errors; and we are also inclined to believe, that the same cause is in activity, even among the mathematicians themselves, in their metaphysical discussions concerning light, and in many of their attempted applications of mathematical formulæ to natural science. Mistakes in the positive sciences, however, will ultimately correct themselves; but the errors in reasoning on morals and on mind go on multiplying each other *ad infinitum*, and are not merely the disgrace, but the misery of the age in which they abound. The whole round of moral science (especially if we include its connexion with religious doctrines, and with political and legislative practice), is one tissue of conflicting absurdities, doubts, and ignorances: propositions, which are acknowledged to be morally true, are denounced as religiously false; and principles, which are adopted as guides in legislation, are rejected in investigations of the scheme of Providence.

Of this infirmity of reasoning, we conceive the work before us to be a conspicuous example, only in as far as its absurdities are of a more striking and ludicrous character; for, surely, nothing can be more farcical and ridiculous than to behold two persons (who claim to be professional reasoners), falling into a violent and outrageous passion (we very much doubt whether the fault be exclusively on Mr. Scott's side) upon the bearings of Phrenology—on the Divine government of the world—on the fall of man—and on the Paradisiacal state of our first parents. Whether Phrenology itself be a legitimate induction from undeniable facts, or a jumble of hasty and defective observations, and magnificent jumpings to unwarrantable conclusions, it is not our present purpose to inquire. It is enough to know, that the phrenologists them-

selves hold their own opinions as *ad interim* truths, to be embraced only till they are satisfactorily disproved; and that, if they would do justice to themselves and their system, they should call it not a doctrine, but a creed. In this state of the question, a little more modesty might be expected, even as to the yes and no of the discussion; but, when it comes to pulling caps about consequences, and gibbeting opponents as infidels, it is scarcely possible for absurdity to go further. For the rest, the disposition to sectarian rancour, to dragging forward the interests of heaven, in season and out of season, and the converting religious difference to the most unholy purposes of political faction, are vices far too common to make Mr. Scott's publication a matter of surprise. This, as we have already said, we believe to be the most inevitable and most lamentable consequence of a defective education of the people, and of the discredit into which free inquiry has fallen; and this our belief has caused us to dwell longer on the present book than we otherwise should have done on a work of local, and, we must add, trumpety controversy.

The Siege of Florence—[*L'Assedio di Firenze*]. 5 vols. Paris, Baudry; London, Rolandi.

ALTHOUGH no name appears upon the title-page of these volumes, they are known as the work of Dr. Guerazzi, whose former historical novel, '*La Battaglia di Benevento*,' published last year, was esteemed in Italy, not far inferior in merit to Manzoni's '*Promessi Sposi*.' The book before us is yet more admired, having already reached a second edition; and its author is considered to have raised himself by its publication to the level of Sir Walter Scott. To this exaggerated praise we cannot agree; we must admit, however, that Dr. Guerazzi's novel is a work of considerable merit, especially in the delineations of character which it contains, or in the scenes which illustrate the spirit and manners of the age to which it refers. Its author, however, is far too diffuse both in his philosophizing and his descriptions;—into the latter error he may be seduced by the possession of considerable graphic power. His '*Siege of Florence*' cannot properly be called a historical novel, since story it has none, beyond the successful schemes of Pope Clement VII. for the final subjugation of Florence to Medicean sovereignty, with a love episode or two interwoven. It is merely a series of scenes, in which the personages connected with the event are displayed in various situations, and with a design, perhaps, of developing democratic virtues and monarchical vices. We shall extract one or two of these. The first tells, humorously enough, of an insult offered by the Pope's servants to an embassy from the republic of Florence.

"Who are you? whence come you? whither go you?" was the address of a papal police officer, then called a Criminal Chancellor, to a mounted cavalier.

"Are you from China, Messere, or from Prester John's country, that you do not know the Florentine arms? the red lily of our republic?"

"I know nothing of lilies; I know no Florentine arms but the balls of the Medici." *

An older and milder looking cavalier rode up and asked, "What is this, Sirs?"

"There's no passing," answered the Chancellor.

"The less fatigue—we'll return."

"There's no returning."

"What! are we prisoners?"

"Get down and open your portmanteaus."

"We are of the household of the magnificent ambassadors, sent by the Signoria of Florence to his Holiness."

"That is the reason I am to search you. * * * Sergeant Montauto, arrest them—bind them—to prison with them!"

And in less time than it takes to say Amen, a

body of armed men appeared, as though rained from the clouds, or sprouting from the earth.

Meanwhile, a crowd had collected, pushing, jostling, mobbing, curiously and eagerly inquiring, who they were—what they wanted—why they were stopped? Amongst the throng mingled the obscure underlings of suspicious authority, spies, and the like, exciting, deluding, marking the most clamorous for future punishment. And the duped people shouted, "At them! at them! they are smugglers! they come to libel his Holiness and the Emperor! They have poison to kill the Pope, and the Emperor, and the Barons! In their portmanteaus they carry infernal fire, and excommunications, and such like villanies."

Suddenly reason flashed upon the people, showing the absurdity of the falsehood,—that smugglers do not try to pass the toll-gate in broad daylight; that poison will hardly be carried in a portmanteau, and still less fire; that the Pope is not usually excommunicated: they were ashamed and silent. But the flash passed like a flash; again they were artfully misled, and broke out with—"Down with the portmanteaus!—open the portmanteaus!—let us see what's in the portmanteaus!—The portmanteaus!—The portmanteaus!"

Italian blood was about to be shed by Italian hands, when the cry was heard—"The ambassadors!"

The ambassadors remonstrated haughtily, and finding their arguments unavailing, the chief ambassador at length said—"Very well; suppose our portmanteaus filled with the most heavily-taxed goods, and charge us accordingly."

"That's fair!" exclaimed the crowd; "that's very fair!"

But again the spies laboured in their vocation. "Did I not say they carry poison? Why are they so unwilling to show their luggage? To be sure there's poison in their portmanteaus." And again the poor gullied people shouted—"We will see!—we must see! The portmanteaus!—the portmanteaus!"

The portmanteaus were opened, and the simplicity of republican garments was laughed at by the subjects of the Pope; till at last, in the portmanteau of Guglielmo Ruccellai, a clever young libertine, who accompanied the embassy for his and their pleasure, and who was still intoxicated from the last night's orgies, were found some reels of gold and silver thread.

The ambassador Soderini laid his hand on the ambassador Niccolini's shoulder, saying—"This is the cup in Benjamin's sack."

"It is," replied Niccolini; "but placed there with other purpose than Joseph's."

The people clamoured; "Oh, ho! Pretty ambassadors! Cheating the Pope's custom-house! To the river with the smugglers!"

The chief of the embassy turned pale with anger; then his cheeks flushed. He uncovered his head, spurred forward his palfrey, and exclaimed aloud—"Every native Italian must know who Piero Capponi was! Then who amongst you can believe that I, his lawful son, I, Niccolò Capponi, come to defraud the customs of a Medicean Pope?"

Sergeant Montauto had fought under Piero Capponi. * * * He drew back, respectfully bowing. The soldiers followed his example. The people, changing their mood, shouted—"Piero Capponi for ever! Florence for ever!" And the ambassadors, throwing handfuls of ducats amongst the crowd, passed forward.

These paltry contraband articles, we should mention, had been placed by an emissary of the Pope's in the drunkard's portmanteau. Our next scene shall exhibit popular character, too, but in a totally different form. The magistrates of Florence have assembled the principal citizens in the palace of the Signoria, or government, to deliberate whether to defend the town against the besieging Imperial army, or submit to the Medici upon terms. Opinions are divided, many feeling their relative inferiority, when a tumult is heard in the outer chamber:—

"God-a-mercy! I don't know why I don't fix my claws in your hair, and make you as bare as the bald head of the belfry."—[A statue so named by the populace].

"Silence, woman!" respect the palace of the Signori."

"Hear him! As if I didn't respect them! But, at least, go and tell Messere Francesco, (the *Gonfaloniere*, or chief magistrate,) that I want to speak with him."

"And who are you?"

"I am called Monna [vulgar for Mistress] Ghita, a silk-winder, well known in the quarter of St. Friano."

"Well then, Monna Ghita, wait."

"Wait! that's a word; but we poor artisans are not a bit like you, Signor soldiers, who dawdle all day with a shouldered partisan, whilst your bread is baked, and your wine mixed for you. We must earn ours by toiling from morning to night; and that won't always do. * * In a word, will you tell Messer Francesco, or no?"

"Good dame, get you gone, and God be with you. Do you think the magnificent Gonfaloniere will leave the council to listen to such a low woman as you?"

"Soldier, thou'rt a stranger and a servant; wert of us, thou'dst know that here there are neither low women nor ladies; and that the grandee is less than the artisan. Would the grandee hold office, he must enrol himself amongst us. Messer Francesco and I belong to the same corporation; he buys silk in bales, and I wind it for him. * *"

The Gonfaloniere ordered the woman to be admitted. She entered boldly. She was tall and lean, and sunburnt even to the colour of copper. The muscles of her throat were strong and protuberant, her veins turgid, her lips bright red, and quivering although silent; her eyes sparkling, and incessantly rolling from side to side; her face was square and bony. She moved her arms like oars; and considering the strength of her hands and the length of her nails, her threat to the soldier seemed no trifling one.

This good dame is abashed at first finding herself in company with all the great men of Florence; but, by the jocose encouragement of the Gonfaloniere, soon recovers the use of her tongue.

"In short, gentlemen, for you will probably value your time as I do mine, I'm told the Signoria has had it cried through the streets, and stuck up on the walls, that whoever has sons between eighteen and thirty-six years old, and gold or silver, should bring them to the palace of the Signoria, to be employed in the defence of our country. Now, I have a son. Come forward, Ciapo, and make your bow to Messeri."

All eyes turned on a young lad, tall and stout, armed with a sword, a partisan, and a helmet. He came forward at his mother's call, making a soldierly obeisance to the magistrates; and Monna Ghita went on:—

"Ciapo isn't seventeen yet, but he is very able to break the bones of all here; so, with due respect be it spoken, Messeri, your proclamation is nonsense. What has age to do with bearing arms? * * Ciapo is a good lad; he fears God, works for his poor mother, and prays every evening for his father's soul. I've nothing but him in the world. I shall be left alone; but what of that? When I heard the proclamation, I said, 'Ciapo, take thy father's helmet, sword, and partisan, and come to enlist thee in the militia. Thou must defend thy mother and thy house.' Then Ciapo answered, 'No need, mother mine; you may sleep secure that no one will touch your little finger; and as for the house, what can they rob it of? there's not a peg to hang a hat on.' * * After thinking a bit, I said, 'Go, nevertheless; if not thy own women and goods, thou'lt defend thy neighbours.' * * And Ciapo interrupted me, saying, 'Enough, let's go.' So I've brought him, and beg you to accept him. * *"

The Gonfaloniere slightly coloured and sighed; the rest of the assembly remained silent, conscience-stricken perhaps, or confounded by amazement. The woman resumed:—

"Only please to feed him, for I cannot earn enough for myself and him. Oh! there's one thing more—a trifle, but every straw helps to make the luck; I found, in my box, these gold ear-rings, that my uncle Baccio gave me when I married; if I had found more, I would have brought it."

Monna Ghita's patriotism shames the timidity

of the magistrates, and defence to the uttermost extremity is the resolution unanimously adopted. We had intended to translate a scene, in which Michael Angelo presides over the fortifications of the city: another, too, containing a dialogue between that stupendous painter and the Gonfaloniere, tempted us. But we think the following will be possibly more generally interesting, and with it we must conclude. It relates the execution of Lorenzo Soderini, convicted of treason to the republic, in secretly treating for the restoration of the Medici. Soderini is penitent for his offences. He is already at the foot of the scaffold:—

At the foot of the scaffold Lorenzo Soderini paused, raised his eyes, and moaned heavily.

"Take heart, brother," soothingly said the meek Capuchin; "the path that leads to Paradise cannot be too painful."

Suddenly a woman, of advanced years, of noble carriage, and attired in deep mourning, appeared from beneath the scaffold, and planted herself before Soderini.

"Woman, get out of the way," said the executioner.

"I!—It is I who have the deepest stake in this game of blood."

"Oh God! my mother!" exclaimed Soderini, and fell distractedly at his parent's feet.

She, unchanging in attitude and aspect, sternly said, "Here I awaited thee."

"In mercy drag me to execution; close my eyes quickly; let not my ears hear...."

"Thine ears shall not cease to hear till one word shall have rung in them; a word which parents only can speak; which...."

"Oh mother, speak it not—that word. Heaven beholds my repentance—open my heart—see it yourself—curse me not!"

"Woman," said the friar, "shall dust presume beyond its Creator? Forgive this miserable man; God has forgiven him."

"If God has forgiven thee,—if thou abhorrest thy crime, then I forgive thee too. Thou wast born my delight, my all.... Thou shouldst have been to me a crown of glory.... thou hast been a crown of thorns.... thou hast bitten the breast that gave thee milk. But thou art repentant, and thy mother's bosom, that pillow in infancy, shall pillow thee in death. Behold, all forsake thee—even God; but thy mother shall not forsake thee; I will ascend the scaffold with thee. * *"

The executioner put forth his hand to stop her. Loftily she repulsed him; then drew off her glove, flung it in his face, and said, "Headman, remember that thou mayst not touch, save with iron."

Unhappy woman! She placed her hand under her son's arm, and supported him up the steps. * * The executioner covered his eyes. The Capuchin kissed him, and said "Part in peace."

The lady addressed the executioner; "Perhaps your soul, hard as your axe, will yet listen to a prayer. I, the mother, who for nine months bore him under my heart, who fed him with my milk, who watched whole nights to allay his infantine pains, fanning the air around his cradle that he might sleep placidly,—I, who after his death shall have nothing left upon earth,—I, to prove my boundless love for him, am reduced to implore you, as we implore the Saints, that you, executioner, would strike a sure blow. Do not torture him! Let him suffer the least that may be! Would my hand under his head ease the blow? Would it? If prayer avail not, here is money,—it will support your family for months. Lorenzo, the last kiss on earth—in a moment in heaven."

Soderini knelt; his head was on the block. His mother stood on his right; the executioner on his left. He lifted the axe....

Why fell not the blow? He met the eye of the mother, and was paralyzed. He fancied she cast a spell upon him,—that he was magically fixed for life in this posture; his eyes were starting from their sockets, his hair bristling upon his head.

In an instant the executioner found that he had still the power of action; but he shrank from renewing the attempt under that fearful gaze. He moved round, so that the mother was behind him. He

looked suspiciously forward, saw no one, and with an impetuosity that resembled rage, breathing deeply, lifted the axe with both hands.

Soderini had begun an invocation; the first syllable was heard distinct and clear,—not so the second, for the head, bearing the lips whence it proceeded, rolled in blood upon the scaffold floor.

The mother moved towards the head, to prevent its falling from the scaffold; but suddenly dropped, as if struck by lightning. She uttered one shriek, that, like a dart, pierced the ears of all hearers. That shriek corresponded to the last throb of a broken heart. * *"

Next day the vault of the Soderini was opened; within its recesses were deposited a mangled body, a woman, and a head. The executioner had ended two lives with one blow.

The Continent in 1835. By John Hoppus, M.A., Professor of Mental Philosophy and Logic in the University of London. Saunders & Otley.

The title of this work is, to use no harsher epithet, a strange misnomer; the Professor, so far from having examined the Continent, simply made a tour through those parts of Belgium, Switzerland, and France, which repeated descriptions have rendered more familiar to the public than any turnpike-road in England or Wales. There is no such definite information respecting the state of society in these volumes, as to render the sketches more applicable to 1835 than to any year in the present century; indeed, for aught of new or valuable matter contained in the work, the traveller might as well have performed his journey on paper, and run his finger over a map in London, without ever setting foot on a mountain in Switzerland. Professor Hoppus seems to have had some glimmering sense of his own deficiencies, for he resorts to the hackneyed excuse—"request of friends," as an apology for rushing into print; and he promises to atone for his imperfect observations by "compendious historical notices," which might render his work "instructive to the young," and to give his work "a moral use" by remarks on "the state and progress of religion." Even these make-weights appeared insufficient; the historical *résumés* of the most hackneyed periods of European history could instruct only those who are very young indeed, and the references to the state of religion might seem to have no conceivable use, moral or otherwise. Something more being wanting to explain the reasons that induced the Professor's friends to urge what the world may think their inconsiderate request, a paragraph was sent round to the papers, pointing out perfections in the work, which might escape the ken even of professional critics, and bestowing upon it high praise, which reviewers would probably have withheld from sheer ignorance of its merits.

In that portion of the *Morning Chronicle* of Oct. 27, appropriated to the paid paragraphs, which publishers, for very sufficient reasons, do not wish to appear as advertisements, we find the following notice:—

THE CONTINENT IN 1835.—Professor Hoppus has just produced a work on this subject, which he has treated so skilfully, as at once to place him very high in public estimation as a powerful writer, and as a close observer of human nature. The peculiarities, the habits, and the religious opinions of our continental neighbours, he has described most felicitously; and, in short, he has availed himself of all the resources of accurate observation and well-digested reflection to make his new work in every respect a continental *vade mecum*. We may confidently anticipate that the test of its excellence will be found in its great popularity.

It was after reading this eulogium, as judicious as it is disinterested, that we perused these volumes. Alas! for the confidence to be reposed in the paragraph-mongers of the booksellers' corner! We have been unwillingly forced to the conviction, that this *unbought* notice is a

mere puff, as baseless as ever issued from the smoky furnace of trade criticism.

As Professor Hoppus has *not* produced a work on "the Continent in 1835," he cannot have treated the subject "skilfully" or unskilfully. In what estimation the writer will be held by the public, it is yet too soon to determine; but of his power we can find no better specimen than the following attempt at sublimity:—

"Napoleon, who has left traces of his genius, and his ambition, throughout so great a part of the continent, ordered a cross to be erected on the summit of Mont Blanc, as though for a mark of his dominion over the highest pinnacle of Europe, and over all the countries on which it looks down:—but the stormy king of Alps, whose throne is seated amidst heaven's most frequent thunders, and is often vitrified by the scorching lightning,—unlike the vassals that owed their crowns to the Emperor of all the Gauls, disdained to wear the badge of subjection to his power; and, in a day or two, the cross was thrown down by a hurricane."

This, indeed, is scarcely to be paralleled by the eloquence of the schoolboy's theme on pride, which he illustrated by the fate of the weathercock on the church-steeple. "That proud bird raised on the highest pinnacle of the parish, as a mark of the builder's triumph over meaner architects, was spurned by the pride of the sacred spire, and blown down by a storm of wind, while all the surrounding cottages continued to wear chimney-pots as badges of subjection."

We searched long for the passages that stamp the Professor as "a close observer of human nature," but could find none superior to his description of a dinner at a Swiss inn:—

"The guest must beware of so far fancying himself at home, as to venture an attack on any dish which may be before him, until the waiters have regularly brought it round; for we repeatedly saw the *Oberkeller*, or head waiter, without ceremony, take dishes away from gentlemen who were about to help themselves. There is always plenty of the ordinary wine of the country on the table: any other sort is charged separately, and varies in price from one and a half, to eight French francs, a bottle. Of beer there either is none, or when obtained, it is seldom very inviting to an English palate. It is not customary to sit long after dinner, nor is wine usually drunk afterwards; and both ladies and gentlemen rise together from the table."

"The felicitous descriptions of peculiarities, habits, and religious opinions," are simply the abuse of every custom, civil or religious, different from those of Scotland. The Professor of Logic assails some dozen creeds, for no purpose that we can conceive except to show his want of skill in argument; the Professor of Mental Philosophy pours forth vials of wrath on observances which any philosophy might have shown him to be indifferent. He entertains a fanatical hatred of popery as violent as that of the old Covenanters, and, in the blindness of his zeal, assails the professors of that creed for erecting chapels and religious emblems amid sublime and romantic scenery.

"Some of the ravines, along the ledges of which we passed, were perfectly tremendous. The sides of these yawning abysses, however, were richly clothed with the dark foliage of lofty firs; and, occasionally, the turbulent, foaming torrent was disclosed in the depth below. By the side of one of these gulfs, was a small chapel with a showy figure of a saint. Indeed Popery, in the Catholic cantons, seems to reign over mountain, vale, lake, and torrent; and there are few situations, in which you are not reminded of the wide and disastrous dominion of a system, which looks even more artificial and grovelling than usual, amidst the simple majesty of nature."

But our author receives credit, not only for "accurate observation," but "well-digested reflection,"—digested by himself we suppose, for we fear few others will find them palatable. To us they seem "flat, stale, and unprofitable," or, at best, a repetition of what has been said a

hundred times before, and a hundred times as well. Let our readers judge for themselves, and take the reflections on the revolution of 1830 as a specimen:—

"It is melancholy that so much blood must be shed, to teach princes that they can no longer hold their crowns as an independent patrimony, apart from the voice of those over whom they reign!—The proudest monarchs must be exiles from their thrones, to proclaim to all other potentates, that their power, and their grandeur, exist but for the good of the community:—that hereditary government is but a form, in which the majesty of nations may be embodied most safely for themselves, and that when any *legitimate* ruler ceases to reign for the public weal,—tramples on the sacred claims of freedom,—and forgets the interests of millions in his own will, the time is come for a higher power to utter forth its mandate,—that kings may know that the source of all sovereignty, on earth, is in the people,—before the indignant thunders of whose voice, no tyranny can stand."

We should pity any wight luckless enough to take these volumes as a "continental *vade mecum*"; for ourselves, we were soon weary of an author eking out his scraps of information by miserable abridgments of history,—of a traveller pursuing a beaten road, and merely repeating the remarks of his predecessors,—of a logician whose only arguments are assertions,—and of a mental philosopher, who estimates the power of religion on the mind by formularies, ceremonies, and externals. The paragraph-monger "confidently anticipates that the test of this work's excellence will be found in its great popularity;" he is so far justified in his anticipations, that "the test of its excellence" must be sought anywhere rather than in the contents of the work itself.

Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France.
Par L. Cimber et F. Danjou. Vol. X. Paris, Bossange.

THE dull and wearisome etiquette of the French court at this period we pointed out to our readers in a review of one of the earlier volumes of this work; the 10th volume, now before us, in the article entitled "Reglemens de la Maison du Roi, 1585," gives a more minute picture still of this wearisome state, and also of the multiplied precautionary arrangements with which it was thought necessary to surround, on all occasions, "the majesty of France." Let our readers take the following specimen, and devoutly thank heaven that it was not their lot to be kings of France in the 16th century:—

His Majesty, having notified that he is awake, those who before had entered the chamber of audience, shall enter the royal chamber; and of the four valets who shall be in the chamber of audience, one alone shall enter the said royal chamber, who, being entered, shall take the pitcher upon the beaufet to fetch water for the drinking-cup, and he shall take in passing, at the door of the hall, over against the ante-chamber, *two archers of the guard, who shall go with him, and bring him back to the aforesaid door*; then the said valet shall re-enter the royal chamber, where he shall remain; and he shall put the pitcher upon the beaufet, first making the assay before one of the valets who slept in the chamber. At the same instant that the valet shall go out to fetch the water, the two gentlemen of the chamber, serving in their turn, shall go out of the royal chamber to fetch the drinking-cup, the one for his Majesty's cup, and the other for the bread and napkin, the which they shall bring to the door of the hall opposite the ante-chamber, *two archers of the guard leading them and bringing them back*, they causing it to be notified in the kitchen that the *broth* is to be brought, which an esquire of the kitchen shall do, accompanied by the gentleman of the ewry: then there shall come to the royal chamber, as well the two gentlemen as the cup-bearer, and one of the pantry, and also the officers of the kitchen, as aforesaid, the aforesaid archers not passing the door of the ante-chamber.

His Majesty, having called those who dress him, they shall enter his cabinet, and not the others; then when he shall ask for his wine, first shall enter the two gentlemen of his chamber, bearing the cup, and the bread, and the cup-bearer, and the *chief physician* (on flesh days) *bringing the broth*; then shall follow the other princes and cardinals who are not in waiting, and who are of his council, the officers of the crown, the *sieur de Bellievre*, and the secretaries of state only, and the grand master of the artillery, and shall remain in the royal chamber.

The foregoing extract will, we think, be sufficient to prove to the reader the state of constant suspicion in which the king of France must have lived, when even spring water could not be brought unless under the surveillance of "two archers of the guard," and when "the chief physician" was expected to bring in the first dish. From these "Reglemens" we find, that the whole court was expected to be up by about *five in the morning*! No particular hour is stated for the king's breakfast or dinner; the latter must, however, have been served about eleven o'clock, as the king is mentioned as retiring after dinner to his cabinet, and giving audience until two. At this hour "the violins of his Majesty" are directed to be in readiness—his supper is to be ready by *six o'clock*, and each Sunday and Tuesday a court ball is to be held after the supper. The great patronage bestowed on music by the three last kings of the house of Valois is exhibited, both in these ordinances and in the extracts from their household books, in which we find some curious particulars. It appears, that not merely was there music during meals, and "the violins" afterward, but that "the chanters of his Majesty's chamber" were accustomed every night to be in readiness in the royal chamber, "that he might find them singing on his entrance."

The following extracts, from the accounts of Charles IX., show his fondness for music.

October 6th, 1572.—To Joachim Thibault, named Cornille, player on the lute to the said king, the sum of six score and five livres tournois, which the said lord has given in consideration of his services, and to afford him means of completing the musical compositions begun by him, for several voices, and rhyme and music to be performed on the lyre and lute.

To Antoine Poulliere, master of the boys in the collegiate church of St. Cloud, the sum of 37 livres 10 shillings, to instruct a young boy whom his Majesty has placed under him, to serve him with his other little singers.

To Baptiste Delphinon, violin in ordinary of the chamber, the sum of 75 livres tournois, for the disbursements and expenses which are necessary to be made in going speedily to Milan, by command of his Majesty, to bring from thence musicians for his service and pleasure.

To Nicholas Delinet, flute and violin player, the sum of 50 livres tournois, to buy a *Cremona violin*, for the service of the said lord.

To Louis Sai, and Gabriel Nadrin, Italians, violin players of the chamber of the said lord, 400 livres tournois, for them and six of their companions, for their services.

Charles seems also to have patronized literature, and his gifts to several of the chief poets of his reign are liberal:—

To Jean Dorat, poet and interpreter to the said lord, of Greek and Latin, 250 livres tournois, in consideration of his services, and of his good-will toward him.

To maistre Pierre de Ronsard, almoner to the king, the sum of 250 livres tournois, for inventions and devices made against the entry of the king and queen.

To Jean Antoine Baif, poet of the said lord, the sum of 300 livres, in consideration of the services which he has long rendered in his office.

To Estienne Jodelle, *sieur de Limodon*, one of the poets of the said lord, the sum of 500 livres tournois, in consideration of his services which he has aforementioned rendered in his office, and also to afford him

means of being cured of his present sickness, by which he is now detained, and to defray the expenses he is constrained in consequence to incur, and over and above the other gifts and presents which he has had aforetime from his said lord.

Jodelle died a few months after, and, it has mostly been said, in great distress; this entry, however, shows that this opinion was incorrect. The following extract, from the "Expenses incurred at the entry of the King and Queen into Paris" in 1571, shows that the poets of the 16th century possessed rather versatile talents:—

To maistre Jean Dorat, poet of the king, the sum of 29 livres tournois, given to him for having composed all the odes, both Greek and Latin, placed upon the porticos, theatres, and triumphal arches; also for the giants which were prepared, and for having, moreover, taken part in inventing the *entree* of the six figures in sugar, which were presented at the collation to the queen.

These extracts also bear testimony to Charles's love of field sports, and combats of wild beasts. There is an entry of "six score livres given to Laurent Escorse, in recompense for a mule, which his Majesty took from him, to cause it to fight with his lions." Another entry is—

To Robert du Rue, Galliot du Biez, and Alan Dubuisson, Englishmen, the sum of seven score and six livres tournois, which his Majesty gives in consideration of their having brought from England some dogs of that country, which were a present to his Majesty from the Queen of England, who sent them by them, and to afford them means of returning to their country.

Both Charles and his mother seem to have had a singular partiality for dwarfs. In 1572 three dwarfs were sent him as a present by the Emperor of Germany. In the same year, six score and five livres tournois are paid for the expenses of bringing some more dwarfs from Poland to the king. One of these, named little Majosky, was given to the queen mother, and, in the extracts from her accounts, we find 30 livres expended for "little disbursements for the said Majosky, as well in clothes, books, pens, paper, and ink, as to the regent of the college;" he, therefore, must have received a university education. Catherine had also another dwarf, named Marville. The extracts from her accounts throw scarcely any light upon her character: as illustrating the manners of the period they are very curious:—

For a hook and chain to fasten the monkey of the said queen, with a ball attached to it, 3 livres tournois.

For the making a frame for the embroidery of the said queen, 40 sols.

To Nicholas Bern, gilder, and worker of damask work, 24 livres tournois for a writing-desk, on which is a man of steel, on horseback, and a Swiss holding a halberd.

To the boy that brought the parroquet of the said queen from Beauvais to St. Germain, 6 sols.

To a poor woman who brought a girl to the queen, that she might have her hair (*avoir ses cheveux*), 5 sols tournois.

To Noel Cochon, governor of the dwarfs, 52 livres tournois.

To Rondeau, tailor to the dwarfs, 66 livres tournois.

To Yoes Bourdin, valet to the dwarfs, 55 livres tournois.

To Girard du Lue, driver, the sum of 24 livres, for having conducted through the country, in the suite of the queen, the carriage of the female foot of the said queen, and her governante, together with their baggage.

To Antoine Bresson, the tailor of the aforesaid queen, for having mended twice the old farthingale of the said queen, 40 sols tournois!

We wish there had been more information in these volumes relating to Catherine; the Discours Merveilleux of Henry Stephens is reprinted in the 9th volume, but it does not throw any additional light on her character. In accordance with the superstition of the age, he tells us—

At the time of her birth it is said that the stars had a menacing aspect toward the place in which she was born. Her relations, curious, as they mostly are, to learn her destiny, assembled together the most famous astrologers, to cast her nativity, and, among others, Basil, that renowned mathematician, who foretold to the Duke of Florence his death. The register, containing the opinions of these astrologers, may yet be recovered. All declared, with one accord, that if she lived she would cause very great calamities, and, finally, the total ruin of the family, and of the place where she should marry.

There is a curious mixture of truth in this prediction; for, although the total ruin of France did not follow, yet the line of Valois was closed with the death of Henry III.; and that this prediction was not made afterwards, is proved from the work of Stephens having been published in 1574, when two of her sons were yet living. It is curious to observe the constant stream of the marvellous running through these volumes, and sometimes a degree of poetic beauty is displayed. In a memoir of Ronsard, in the 10th volume, we are told, that—

As he was carried to baptism, across a meadow, the damsel by accident let him fall, but he fell amid grass and flowers, while another young damsel, who bore a vessel of rose-water, in seeking to lift up the infant, spilt the sweet water on his head, thus pre-saging the pleasant odour which he should diffuse through France by the flowers of his sweet poetry.

Some days before the late king, my master (says Sorbin), departed, a *jeur de lis*, one of the three which belonged to the escutcheon of France, and which was cut in stone, as the key-stone of an arch in the hall of St. Germain en Laye, fell down, as many can testify. The same omen happened on the day that the great king Francis was taken prisoner. In the Abbey of Belle Perche, on that same day, the escutcheon of France, carved in stone, in the vaulting of the refectory of the Abbey, fell, and was broken in pieces.

With the followingsingular tale of generosity, from an inedited MS., we conclude:—

On the day of the Saint Barthelemy, the Sieur Rhoniers, being on his knees in his chamber, intending thus to await the hour of his death, saw the Sieur de Vezins, his mortal enemy, enter. He was Lieutenant to the Marquis de Villars, who said to him, "Now you may easily take vengeance on your enemy." But Vezins made him take sword, boots, and cloak, and placed him on a good Spanish horse, outside the city, and accompanied him from thence fourteen days' journey, even to the gate of his house, without ever speaking to him; but when he put his foot on his own ground, said, "I have not saved your life to gain your friendship, but to afford you an opportunity of dying honourably when occasion shall offer." "This life," replied Rhoniers, "shall never defend itself against you, but shall be spent in defending you against your enemies." Vezins replied, "You will have occasion to employ it—I only wish that my friends and my enemies were alike brave;" and thus saying, he spurred his horse, leaving his prisoner free, and lost in wonder.

Artificial Drinking Usages of North Britain.

By John Dunlop, Esq. Greenock, Johnson.

THIS is a curious little volume in several points of view, and may afford subject-matter for thought beyond the narrow circle to which it is more immediately addressed. When we add, that it emanates from the Temperance Society system, and is written by a zealot in that cause, we shall probably detract much from the value of our praise with the majority of readers: but it matters little by whom, or with what object, facts are brought forward; and this is a publication conversant with facts,—and these, too, of no trifling or secondary import. We do not, ourselves, look with a very confiding eye upon any associations for bettering public morality through the means of inculcation or dictation. Both reason and experience declare too plainly the inutility of all such efforts; and we may confidently appeal to

the contemporaneous thriving of gin palaces and vice-suppressing associations, of low gambling houses and tract-distributing shops, in proof of this position. Temperance Societies, it is true, have this circumstance in their favour, that they have arisen among the people for the people. A want has been felt by the subjects of the experiment, and the effort to meet that want is spontaneous. In this respect, such associations differ widely from those which are either directed to other ends than those which are ostensible, or are conducted in such ignorance of human nature in general, or of the working classes in particular, as necessarily misleads them far away from the mark at which they are aiming. It is on this account, that, though we expect little from the direct agency of such a machinery, we still consider temperance societies important, as indicating a tendency to moral improvement among the people who have set them in motion. It is the people who feel the inconveniences of excess, and they bring the subject into discussion; but public attention is rarely long directed towards a practical evil, without devising a practical remedy. These societies are not so much a means of eradicating a vice, as a sign that the nation is becoming willing to abandon it.

With respect to the abuse of intoxicating liquors, that vice, like most other customs, has its occasional causes in moral and material circumstances, which have been very universally disregarded. The tendency to indulgence is in our common nature: but the vice, as a habit, is peculiar to particular people, and to particular orders of society. There must be something peculiar, then, in the condition of such people, or of such orders, which impels them to submit to the tendency, and to indulge in this extraordinary kind and degree; and this something is the object to which inquiry should be directed, as the only means upon which society can operate with effect to eradicate the vice. If this consideration be overlooked, little is to be expected from the best directed attempts at cure; and hitherto the temperance preachers have overlooked it. They have expended their breath in teaching what men ought not to do, but they have left unexamined the causes why men do what they thus forbid. However striking the results of the labours of societies so conducted may appear, they cannot be lasting. The utmost effect they can produce is to excite a fanaticism of temperance; but it is of the essence of all fanaticism to be transitory—to cool down with time, and to leave mankind to the ordinary influences of their passions and diseases. The course of the temperance societies is a course of empiricism, not of science; and it will be well if this empiricism does not degenerate into *charlatanerie*.

A train of reasoning, somewhat like our own, appears to lie at the bottom of Mr. Dunlop's mind, and to have drawn him into the composition of his pamphlet. He has been led to remark that there are "strong shades of difference in the occasions on which intoxicating liquors are used in various nations," and thence to infer "that the mode of cure of national intemperance must, in the nature of things, vary with these circumstances." From this consideration he is led to investigate what are the circumstances disposing his own countrymen to excess; and the result is such an anatomy of the vice, such an exposure of the statistics of drunkenness in Scotland, as we imagine few of our readers will anticipate. It has been remarked, with no small astonishment, that, numbers for numbers, much more ardent spirits are consumed in Scotland than in Ireland; and that, notwithstanding this naked fact, the notoriety of the Scotch for intoxication is less than that of the Irish. We think that Mr. Dunlop's book will go far to explain this difference.

The prevalence of the abuse of ardent spirits in Scotland is attributed by our author to the fact, that "in no other country has spirituous liquors assumed so much the attitude of the authorized instrument of compliment and kindness, as in North Britain. The system of rule and regulation as to times and occasions of drinking, pervades all branches of society,—at meals, markets, fairs, sacraments, baptisms, and funerals; and almost every trade and profession has its own code of strict and well-observed laws on this subject. There are numerous occasions when general custom makes the offer and reception of whiskey as imperative as the law of the land. Most other countries have, on the whole, only one general motive to use liquor—namely, natural thirst, or desire for it, but in Scotland there exists a large plurality of motives derived from etiquette and rule." In illustration of this thesis, Mr. Dunlop proceeds to an enumeration of the usages in force in Scotland, among the different trades, and in the common and daily intercourse of life, in relation to intoxicating drinks; and the result of the whole is such a systematized and hourly ingurgitation of whiskey, as is utterly at war with the very possibility of individual sobriety.

We have not space to enter upon this long detail, and we regret it the more, because we know that many of the usages relating to drink money are not confined to the artizans of Scotland. We trust, however, that the following trait of Scotch manners is an exaggeration, or, at worst, a too hasty generalization from an insulated fact. "Twenty years ago few women were so brazen-faced as to admit having been drunk on any occasion; at present, we are informed by a public prosecutor, that it is quite common for respectably-dressed females to excuse their conduct on trial, by pleading that they happened to be rather in liquor at the time the delinquency took place. It is notorious, that in great towns, and in the populous districts around, there are secret assemblies of females, instituted in revenge of their husband's selfish indulgences, for the purpose of the vilest excess, out of the presence of men; which diabolical resorts have all their peculiar dark and hateful regulations."

From the showing of Mr. Dunlop, it is clear, not only that downright drunkenness must be a prevailing vice in Scotland, but that an excess in the use of ardent spirits—short perhaps of positive intoxication, but on that account only the more dangerous—is rooted, as it were, in the very constitution of Scottish society. Thus, then, it is, that the consumption of ardent spirits is large, without fixing a stain on the national character. Its free use is the custom of decent people, though the habit must undermine the health, and lower the efficiency of the individual—yet, being limited to times and to seasons, it does not show itself in such hideous features, as where the practice is confined to the abandoned alone. There is in such a state of things a sort of realization of Terence's impossibility, of the *insanire certè ratione modoque*; whereas in Ireland, where whiskey stands in the place of all other pleasures, and is the general refuge against cares and sorrows, even against hunger itself, it produces such overt acts of dissipation, idleness, and riotous violence, as call for great and frequent animadversion.

From these premises, Mr. Dunlop justly concludes that temperance societies will not prevail in Scotland while old use and custom in drinking matters are upheld; and he proposes associations to break through these usages, and to combat the false shame attached to reforming singularity. The best sign attendant on his efforts is, that where tradesmen have agreed to abandon drinking usages at his suggestion, it has been to adopt the counter stimulation of reading; which shows that the tendency towards

sobriety is not an isolated fact, but grows out of a general improvement in the intelligence and moral feeling of the people. Having said so much on Scottish manners, it is but fair to conclude with the remark, that it is no small proof of moral superiority in the nation that they can labour under circumstances so hostile to sobriety, and yet maintain so high a standard of general morality as they do among their working classes.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1837.

Finden's Tableaux; a series of Thirteen Scenes of National Character, Beauty, and Costume, from Paintings by various Artists, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.—If size and supremacy were one and the same thing, here is a new Annual which must reign king of all its compeers, till next year shall bring us some other book of "Flowers," or "Gems," or "Costumes," on a yet more imposing scale. As we do not, however, criticize by the foot-rule, we are not disposed to enthrone this as the book of the season, though we admire it as being magnificently got up. Some of the drawings are the best of their kind that we have seen; in others,—the Spanish group, for instance,—the artists have been picturesque rather than faithful in their exhibitions of costume, and operatic instead of natural in their delineation of character; but this is the vice of the day,—a vice, which these gorgeous drawing-room books, we grieve to say it, have encouraged and perpetuated. Mr. Urwin's group of Neapolitans is good; and after this we must mention the Polish exiles, by Corbould, and the unveiling of the Turkish maiden, by Stone, in the seventh *tableau*. Mrs. Seyffarth's 'Taking the Veil,' too, is one of her best things; the other artists who have contributed subjects, are Perring, Browne, F. P. Stephanoff, and Miss Fanny Corboux; and the whole thirteen plates have been engraved with unusual care. Mrs. Hall has rarely appeared to greater advantage than as editor of this book; her short tales are always heartily written,—and some of them with a pathos and force which evaporate in her longer stories. She has here, too, called in the aid of Lady Blessington, and Miss Landon, Leigh Hunt, Allan Cunningham, Laman Blanchard, and Charles Swain, to illustrate six of the subjects in verse. All have done well; and as we have, as yet, given nothing of Mr. Hunt's from the *Annals* of the year, we will extract the two first stanzas of his pleasant, though too quaint, version of the Albanian Love-letter, which, be it explained, is a nosegay of significant flowers:—

An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most bonied kias,
This art of writing billet-doux
In budes, and odours, and bright hues,—
In saying all one feels and thinks,
In clever daffodils and pinks,
Uttering (as well as silence may)
The sweetest words the sweetest say.
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,
The place where billets-doux repose 'em.

How charming, in some rural spot,
Combining Love with garden plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers,
And one's epistolary powers,
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange-tubs and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhetoric of carnations;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos!

A letter comes just gathered: we
Doat on its tender brilliancy;
Inhale its delicate expressions
Of balm and pea; and its confessions,
Made with as sweet a maiden blush
As ever morn bedewed in bush;
And then, when we have kissed its wit
And heart, in water putting it,

To keep its remarks fresh, go'round
Our little eloquent plot of ground;
And with delighted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberos and violet,
And little darling (mignonette);
And gratitude, and polyanthus,
And flowers that say "Felt ever man thus!"

The Book of Beauty.—This is the best of the miscellaneous *Annals* of the year, as far as its letter-press is concerned; it numbers among its illustrations, too, two or three very charming things. We must specify the frontispiece, the Marchioness of Abercorn and her child, engraved by Thomson, after Edwin Landseer. Next in our good graces stands 'Felicité,' by Mr. McClise, a pretty, self-satisfied lady's maid, who is "trying conclusions" with the finery of her mistress before a glass, and is amply contented with the result of her experiments. Mr. Chalon, besides two other imaginary heads, gives us an arch and bright-faced portrait of Lady Sykes. Mr. Stone, one of the simplest and sweetest of his young ladies, who are often a little too simple and too sweet:—but we must pass from the illustrations to the worthier part of the volume, its literature. Among those who have contributed, we find, as usual, some of the best names of our time. Mr. Bulwer gives us a few pages of impassioned prose on the 'Tomb of Juliet.' The last essay of Sir William Gell, too, is here: its subject is the Romantic History of the Arabs in Spain; and Mr. Landon, as usual, displays thought, feeling, and premeditated quaintness in his *Imaginary Conversation*, which is founded on an Indian anecdote. Besides these, we must particularly mention Mr. Keppel Craven's Italian romance, and Mr. Wilkinson's racy and humorous Eastern apologue, and Lady Blessington's lively *exposé* of the humours of a honeymoon, and Miss Landon's scene in the life of Nourmahal, as all excellent, each in a different style. The poetry, too, as a whole, is good, and though for the most part devoted to those tender and delicate subjects upon which we musty critics rarely find it expedient to descend, we must steal a fragment or two:—the first, which is singularly graceful and finished, should be set to music.

Triplet from Cabestaing.

BY THE VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

A year ago, a year ago,
I thought my heart so cold and still,
That love it never more could know:
That withering Time, and Sorrow's chill,
Had frozen all its earlier glow.
A year ago, a year ago,
I said, "I ne'er shall love again!"—
But I had not seen thee then!
A year ago, a year ago,
My soul was wrapt in grief and gloom,
And sighs would swell, and tears would flow,
As, bending o'er the lost one's tomb,
I thought of her who slept below!
A year ago, a year ago,
I felt I ne'er could love again—
But I had not known thee then!
A year ago, a year ago,
All vain were Beauty's witching wiles,
And eye of light, and breast of snow,
And raven tress, and step of smiles,
They could not chace a rooted wo!
A year ago, a year ago!
I never wished to love again,
But I had not kissed thee then!

Our other extract shall be from

The Lady to her Lover's Picture.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

O dark, deep, pictured eyes!
Once more I seek your meaning—as the skies
Were sought by wizards once from Eastern towers,
When signs of fate dawned thro' the night's bright hours.
O master of my soul, to whom belong
These starry lights of love! thou dost me wrong—

Thy heart doth wrong me, if it hath not told
That she who loved of old
So deeply, still awaits thee—loving yet:
She loves, she watches—why dost thou forget?

Upon what pleasant shore or summer waters
Dost thou repose? Hath Time,
Or the dark witchery of the Indian daughters—
Or some luxurious clime,—
The natural love of change—or graver thought,
Or new ambition all my misery wrought?
Why art thou absent? Is not all thy toil
Done, on that burning soil?
Are thy dreams unaccomplished? let them go!
She who stood by thee once in want and woe,
And would have dared all dangers, hand in hand,
Hath risen! a maiden peeress of the land,
She woos thee to behold, and share her state,
And be by fortune, as by nature, great.

Still I am young! but wrinkled age will steal
Upon me unawares, shouldst thou delay:
And Time will kiss these auburn locks to grey;
And grief will quench mine eyes: and I shall feel
That thou canst love me not (all beauty flown)
And so I shall depart—and die alone!

The Keepsake.—It requires some contrivance, after having turned over so many exquisitely-wrought engravings, and so much silken prose and verse, as we have turned over during the last fortnight, to avoid falling into the most hackneyed common-place when we have to speak of a volume in which no particular feature is recognizable. Such an one is the *Keepsake*: its engravings are certainly not as good as they have been in former years—or, it may be, that the eye, like the mind, becomes jaded and fastidious. Mr. Faulkner's 'Helen,' however, is beautiful, and carefully engraved by H. Robinson. Mr. Turner has a spirited vignette of a sea-fight—but we almost prefer to it, a similar subject, which Mr. Vickers has treated, and Mr. Brandard engraved, most cleverly; the same artist's 'Margate,' too, is another fresh and faithful marine landscape. And there is a touch of the humorous as well as the picturesque, in poor Liverseege's vignette of the old English Squire, surprised while driving through Italy with his wife and daughters, by an onslaught of those whiskered audacious rascals, who have neither the fear of tread-mill nor Quarter Sessions before their eyes, and make the party give up their treasures at the pistol's point. The other designs, by Chalon, Mrs. Seyffarth, M'Clise, Meadows, Parris, &c. are of a commoner order than those we have specified. The sight of so many ladies, "looking delightfully with all their might," and such an array of gorgeous millinery, is enough to make any man turn misogynist, and to drive him, in the impatience of satiety, to extol sackcloth as "the only wear." To speak now of the letter-press of the *Keepsake*,—Lady E. S. Wortley has herself written with grace and feeling, and more carefully than is her wont; her reminiscences of *Madame Mère* (Napoleon's mother) are interesting, but too long to be extracted. Besides the usual "squirearchy of authors" who, from its first appearing, have figured in the *Keepsake*, we find others who rarely are seen in print; among them is Lady Dacre, who opens the volume with a slight but pungent *petite comédie*. Mrs. Shelley has contributed a striking but painful story;—Mr. James Smith and Mr. Theodore Hook some *facetia*. We are pressed for space, and therefore can only mention the names of other contributors; among whom are Miss Landon and Miss Boyle, Mr. H. F. Chorley, Mr. E. Fitzgerald, the Rev. Charles Alford, and Mr. Leitch Ritchie. We must, however, find room for a poem, by Mr. Alfred Tennyson, which, though it has much of the right convent spirit about it, is withal so perversely fantastic, that we extract it as much for its curiosity as its beauty.

St. Agnes.

Deep on the convent roofs the snows
Are sparkling to the moon,
My breath to Heaven like vapour goes,
May my soul follow soon.
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy ward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to the Lord.
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year,
That on my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark
To yonder shining ground,
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round,
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before thee:
So in mine earthly house I am
To that I hope to be.
Break up the Heavens, O Lord! and far
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go,
All Heaven bursts her starry floors,
And shows her lights below,
And deepens on and up: the gates
Roll back and far within,
For me the heavenly bridegroom waits,
To wash me pure from sin.
The Sabbaths of eternity
Are Sabbaths deep and wide;
A light upon the shining sea—
The bridegroom with his bride!

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir.—It is not long since we were called upon to notice the advance recently made by the burins of America, in all those finer branches of the art of engraving, which are applied to the illustration of toy-books for the boudoir and drawing-room table. In the *Annual* before us, our remark receives abundant confirmation. Mr. West's scene from 'Annette Delarbre,' which forms the frontispiece, is admirably engraved by Andrews; and Leslie's picture of Tristram Shandy's adventure at Lyons, in which he reclaimed his remarks on the commissary's imposition from the *papillotes* of the chaise-vamper's wife, is rendered by Cheney with a force, a brightness, and a delicacy, which deserve the fullest share of praise. There are other good engravings in the book,—all of them from pictures by native artists: none, however, so good as those we have specified. The letter-press is fresh and pleasantly varied; the tales are contributed by Mr. Fay, who excels in the short romance,—Miss Sedgwick, (whose 'Full Thirty' is as pretty a lecture on sense and sentiment as was ever administered to romantic damsel,)—Miss Leslie, and some anonymous sketchers, who have here shown themselves almost equally clever with the above well-known writers; the verse, too, as a whole, is above the par of *Annual* poetry. There is a tendency towards the high marvellous in many of the legends contained in this volume, which it is curious to detect in Transatlantic literature, and which, if we were to regard it as our indication of the *set* of the current of imaginative literature, would furnish food for not a few speculations and remarks. Through others, again, runs a strain of gentle thought and philosophy, which is at once pleasant and promising. It is long since we have been called upon to notice anything from the pen of an American writer,—Mr. Irving's 'Astoria' excepted,—we will, therefore, for variety's sake, quote one of the shortest sketches in the volume. This shall relate what passed during the slumbers of

David Swan.

"We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results,

or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

"We have nothing to do with David, until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton academy. After journeying on foot, from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy hair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky, overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depth, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

"While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, a-foot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the road side. But, censure, praise, merriment, scorn, or indifference, were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

"He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowed easily along, and was brought to a stand-still, nearly in front of David's resting place. A linch pin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up, all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps! whispered the old gentleman. 'From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health, and an untroubled mind.'

"And youth, besides," said the lady. 'Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his, than our wakefulness.'

"The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the way side and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept

it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

"While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest.—Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burthen of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor, who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, Sir," said the servant, behind.

"The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering, that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

"The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing, as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But, there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

"How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten up on his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain, by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl. She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

"Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighbourhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a way side acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near, that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

"The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down askant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villany on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow,

"Hist!—Do you see that bundle under his head?"

"The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket-book, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons' pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

"His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

"They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. The two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves, as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

"But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink, and be off," said the other.

"The man, with the dagger, thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life, when that shadow was withdrawn.

"He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burthened it. Now, he stirred—now, moved his lips, without a sound—now, talked in an inward tone, to the noon-day spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver!—Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

"Up mounted David, and bowed away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters—nor that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur—nor that one of death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough, in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available."

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.—In a pleasant preface, Mrs. Hall hints that this pretty book may prove the last of its series. If it be so, she deserves the praise, at least, of having brought her labours to an end with unflinching spirit; for though we miss some well-known names from the pages of this child's Annual, it appears to us, in letter-press, equal to any of its foregoing volumes: and one of its plates, 'The Little Lord,' engraved by F. C. Lewis, after a drawing by F. C. Lewis, jun., would do no discredit to any collection of greater pretensions. As our extracts from this year's Annuals have been principally confined to the poetical part of their contents, we cannot do better than extract Allan Cunningham's

Song of the Wild Bee.

I come, the lord of beauty: all
Spring's buds and blooms wake at my call;
I come, the lord of song: my strain
Calls music to the world again.
Dew-born from earth the lily springs,
Joyous in heaven the laven-ck sings;
The honeyed oak, the hawthorn tree,
An odorous homage yield to me.
Nay, even the thyme which scents the feet
Of sauntering bard in musings sweet,
Has brimmed, ere well the sun was up,
With nect'rous drink my balmy cup.

I reign the king of summer: where
Is there a flower which scents the air,
On southern vale, or northern brae,
By gliding Thames, or rushing Tay,
That dares refuse in joy to bring
Its honeyed tribute to my wing?
Just when June's sun begins to blink,
From England's rose large draughts I drink,
From Scotland's martial emblem, I
Sip golden drops, and load my thigh;
For me it buds, for me it blows,
The proudest flower the sunshine knows.

I'm fair to look upon: behold
My bright brown back, bedropt with gold!
My bosom, silver-scaled and dun;
My wings like dew dried in the sun;
My belly, barred with many a ring,
And armed too,—fly, or feel my sting!
The foxglove is my home: I dwell,
And sing, too, in the blue hare-bell.
When winter comes, and snows are deep,
In earth's warm bosom sound I sleep,
To wake when shepherd's foot can hide
Three daises on Loch Ettrick's side.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Impressions of England, by Count Edouard de Melfort.—These are two of the lightest of light volumes.—They may be commended as containing fewer mistakes and exaggerations than are usual in French pictures of English life and scenery. The Count is pleased with us—but, though a little romantic and sentimental, he is obviously neither of that credulous age, nor endowed with that undistinguishing good-humour, which makes some travellers wander over the world with a perpetual smile on their faces:—his remarks on society, though slight, are often sensible—his pictures of scenery, though rather feebly touched, are characteristic as well as faithful—his personalities, too, (and these now seem as necessary ingredients in every journal as travellers' wonders were some years since) are all gracious and complimentary. In short, no one can feel aggrieved by the work, and some will read it with pleasure.

Humility, by Mrs. Holland.—Mrs. Holland has frequently displayed in her stories a pathos and a shrewd observation which must make them acceptable to readers of every age. Her fault is a want of contrivance; we are as sure to find in her tales certain difficulties, and certain solutions to these, as to meet with a white horse in one of Wouvermans' landscapes. 'Humility' is, perhaps, not quite so interesting as other tales of the series whereof it forms a part; but it is full of sound morality and kindly feeling.

History and Present State of the British Empire.—Introduction to the Sciences.—These volumes belong to Chambers's Educational Course, a series in which the plan far surpasses the execution. The compilers have spared no labour in collecting information, but they are sadly deficient in power of condensation and arrangement; their history is a mere assemblage of disjointed scraps, their science a series of unconnected and not very well written essays. Writers who undertake to reform the whole circle of the

sciences, and to simplify every department of knowledge, should take some pains to acquire accuracy of expression: a familiar style is not necessarily loose and careless, nor is the sacrifice of elegance the best means of acquiring popularity. We say thus much with regret, for we wish well to the enterprising publishers.

The Doctrine of Particular Providence, &c. illustrated and defended in Biographical Reminiscences, by George Pilkington.—The Errors of Irvingism exposed, or Modern Popery unmasked, by Benjamin Shillingford.—Neither of these works has literary merit enough to claim one moment's notice; viewed, however, as illustrations of the spirit of the times we are living in, they are not to be dismissed without a passing word. It is painful to us to believe, that in a century whose boast it is to have witnessed a wide extension of general knowledge and intelligence, the number of, and therefore the appetite for, such publications as these, should be rapidly increasing; for we fear that a counterbalance to the spread of fanaticism, is to be looked for in that spurious liberality (or, rather, licentiousness) which breaks down the boundaries of right and wrong, in its eagerness to escape, as far as possible, from the trammels of an enthralling superstition, rather than in that moderate and reasonable faith which regards either extreme as the convulsion of disease, and not the activity of health. Mr. Pilkington may be a well-intentioned man; but he is faithless to his own principles in sending round a charity-box, and, therefore, in publishing this book, lays himself open to the charge of worldliness and quackery. Mr. Shillingford's pamphlet is yet more melancholy—for it would seem as if the mantle of insanity which, towards the close of his career, burdened one of the noblest spirits that of late have appeared among us, had fallen upon, and still covered many of his followers among the weak-minded or the designing.

Crombie's Gymnasium Abridged.—We are glad to see this truly valuable work placed within the reach of the junior students of Latin composition. It has been long known as the best guide to the acquisition of a good classical style of Latin prose, but the sphere of its utility was limited by its size and price. The abridgment, we should rather call it the compression, is a boon of no ordinary value to our classical schools, and we are sure that its speedy adoption by teachers will give the most gratifying confirmation of our judgment.

Pic-Nics from the Dublin Penny Journal.—The Dublin Penny Journal was the most interesting of its class, for it had a definite purpose, the illustration of Irish subjects. We gladly, therefore, receive these memorials of our old friend, and can safely recommend them as tales amusing in themselves, and accurate delineations of Irish character.

Bond's Popular Geography.—A very useful compilation. The author has judiciously followed Woodbridge's plan of attending more to the physical than the political divisions of the globe; and he has added much curious information on the geographical distribution of plants and animals, an interesting subject that has not previously been introduced into elementary works.

Gibson's Etymological Geography.—Geographical students will find this little work a useful companion and supplement to the ordinary treatises on geography.

Major's Guide to the Greek Tragedians.—A judicious collection of useful information, but modelled rather too obviously on the plan of the 'Greek Theatre,' published at Cambridge.

Fletcher's Young Divine.—This is a successful attempt to render the study of the Scriptures, especially the Old Testament, pleasing and profitable to youthful minds.

Manual of Judaism.—A brief summary of the modern Jewish creed, intended for the instruction of young members of that persuasion.

Spurr's Lectures on Education.—This little work contains some excellent practical suggestions to parents who take a share in the education of their children.

Mental Exercises.—A collection of useful exercises in mental arithmetic, combined with much miscellaneous and valuable information.

Rolls Learning to Read.—A reprint of an American elementary book, that well merits introduction into our nurseries.

List of New Books.—Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons Vol. I. (Winter), by the Rev. H. Duncan, 6s. 6d. cl.—Mead's Sermons on the Jews, and on Falling into the Hands of the Living God, 12mo. 6s. cl.—A Country Curate's Autobiography, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—The Child's Commentary on St. Luke, by Mrs. J. B. Webb, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Williams's Abstract of the Acts for 1836, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Statutes at Large, Vol. XIV. Part I. (6 & 7 Will. 4.) 4to. 26s. bds.—Memoirs of Madame Malibran and Mons. De Beriot, 18mo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Vol. LXXXIV. (Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of Great Britain, Vol. I.) 6s. cl.—Poulter on the Efficiency of God, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—American Almanac and Repository, for 1837, 3s. swd.—Eagle's Tithes Act, with Notes, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Nisbolk's New English and Latin and Latin and English Dictionary, sq. 12mo. 9s. 6d. bd.—Marriage: the Source and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty, by the Rev. H. C. Donoghue, 6s. 3d. cl.—Contract; or the History of a Day, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Uncle Philip's Conversations about the Whale Fishery and Polar Seas, sq. 6s. bds.—Rhymes and Pictures for Children, 18mo. new edit. 2s. cl.—The Sacred Casket, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Alwrick Castle, with other Poems, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—King's Journey to the Arctic Ocean, in 1833-4-5, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—Voyage Pittoresque, 1837, (24 Illustrations), 4to. 18s. bds.—Burns's Marriage and Registration Acts, 12mo. 4s. bds.—The Holy Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Walker, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Rich's General View of the United States of America, 2nd edit. 6s. cl.—The Prophetic Messenger Almanac, 1837, 2s. 6d. swd.—Lunar Tables, by Mrs. Janet Taylor, 3rd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1836. Oct.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in de- grees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
S 1	29.356	53.7	29.085	55.9	48	52.3	51.4	41.5	55.3	.125	SE var.	(A.M. Overcast—light brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain, with high wind.)
○ 2	29.247	53.0	29.346	55.5	44	47.9	51.2	42.9	52.5	.294	SW	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. Evening, Overcast—light steady rain.)
M 3	29.008	51.6	29.322	54.2	44	43.8	50.3	43.4	52.2	.380	SSW var.	(A.M. Overcast—very light rain, with high wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Evening, Fine and clear.)
T 4	29.497	48.4	29.523	52.3	41	45.2	53.6	39.3	53.3		SSW	(A.M. Foggy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Ev. Foggy.)
W 5	29.829	49.0	29.886	53.0	40	44.6	56.3	40.4	56.2		SSE	A.M. Foggy. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Ev. Overcast.
T 6	29.853	50.0	29.748	53.8	45	49.3	54.2	43.3	57.2	.036	ESE	Overcast—very light rain throughout the day.
F 7	29.511	54.8	29.423	56.7	51	56.6	58.8	48.6	59.0	.752	SE	Overcast—light rain and wind throughout the day.
S 8	29.386	56.0	29.390	58.6	52	54.8	56.6	52.7	57.7	.091	SSE	Overcast—light wind throughout the day.
○ 9	29.360	54.6	29.402	57.4	50	51.7	55.2	47.3	56.3	.283	S	(A.M. Fine & cloudless—light wind. Heavy rain early, with h. wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds, with brisk wind. Ev. Overcast—light rain.)
M 10	29.219	54.4	29.322	58.9	50	54.5	58.7	48.4	60.6	.133	SE var.	Overcast—light rain and wind. Evening, Cloudy.
T 11	29.247	57.9	29.388	60.0	52	55.7	58.4	53.8	58.8	.080	SSW	(A.M. Fine—light clouds with high wind (very h. during the night). P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Ev. Overcast—very light rain.)
W 12	29.606	55.4	29.530	58.4	48	52.4	55.9	46.9	58.7		S	(A.M. Fine—light clouds. P.M. Overcast—light rain and wind.)
T 13	29.140	57.5	29.333	59.5	52	58.7	58.9	51.5	59.2	.097	SW var.	(A.M. Overcast—light rain with h. wind (very high wind during the night). P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Ev. Cloudy—light rain.)
F 14	29.782	56.4	29.717	59.2	50	54.5	57.7	51.3	58.5	.172	SW	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast—very light rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)
S 15	29.853	56.2	29.887	59.2	52	55.6	59.3	51.0	59.3		E	(A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Thick fog.)
○ 16	30.229	54.7	30.212	57.8	48	48.8	57.5	46.4	57.0	.061	SSW	Overcast—very light rain and wind. Evening, Foggy.
M 17	30.210	55.7	30.176	57.7	51	53.4	56.2	48.2	56.5		E	(A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.)
T 18	30.174	56.9	30.150	60.3	53	56.2	59.4	52.8	61.2		SSE	(A.M. Overcast—rain during the night. P.M. Fine and cloudless. Evening, Fine and clear.)
W 19	30.241	58.5	30.322	60.3	54	57.6	58.8	54.4	59.4	.158	SW	(A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)
T 20	30.469	53.4	30.418	54.0	43	46.2	50.2	41.8	50.3		SW	Thick fog throughout the day. Evening, Fine and clear.
F 21	30.332	52.2	30.305	55.5	46	49.2	53.3	44.8	52.6		ESE	(A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)
S 22	30.398	51.2	30.382	53.9	45	49.3	53.6	45.8	53.8		E	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.)
○ 23	30.408	49.3	30.378	52.2	42	44.7	54.6	40.4	55.2		E	A.M. Foggy. P.M. Fine & cloudless. Evening, Fine & clear.
● M 24	30.394	51.5	30.360	53.6	45	49.5	53.2	43.9	53.2		SSW	(A.M. Foggy. P.M. Overcast. Evening, Cloudy.)
T 25	30.371	52.6	30.225	53.2	48	49.6	50.6	51.7	51.3		SW	(A.M. Overcast—deposition—light wind. Evening, Light fog.)
W 26	30.196	52.6	30.113	54.4	50	50.9	52.4	48.7	52.7		SSW	(A.M. Light fog and wind. P.M. Overcast—light wind.)
T 27	29.663	52.7	29.837	52.5	47	51.8	43.7	48.8	47.7		SW	(A.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless. Evening, Overcast.)
F 28	29.913	46.3	29.857	47.6	39	40.2	40.8	37.2	40.6	.080	WSW	(A.M. Overcast—light rain. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.)
S 29	29.473	42.3	29.703	41.6	35	35.6	33.8	33.6	34.2		S	(A.M. Overcast—heavy fall of snow during the night. P.M. Overcast—light wind. Evening, Snow.)
○ 30	30.019	39.0	30.035	41.0	33	35.2	37.7	32.9	37.7	.288	W	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)
M 31	30.089	37.3	30.009	40.0	30	33.2	39.5	30.0	39.3	.033	W	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze and wind. Evening, Cloudy.)
MEANS ..	29.822	52.1	29.832	54.5	46.1	49.3	52.6	45.3	53.5	Sum. 3.063		Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr.
												9 A.M. 29.766
												3 P.M. 29.769

•• Height of Glatton of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge—83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea—95 feet.—External Thermom. is 20 feet higher than Barom. Glatton. —Height of Receiver of Rain above the Court of Somerset House—57 feet.

Height of Gt. of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge—83 feet 24 in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea—92 feet.—External Thermom. is 2 ft. higher than Barom. Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House—70 feet.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Oct. 29.

The Spanish papers contain the report of one of the most singular trials, that for a long time has amused or interested the public. It is the trial, which has recently taken place at Barcelona, of an ex-monk, Friar Vincente, who was condemned for having committed several murders, instigated solely by his love of books. The last murder, that which led to the discovery of the assassin, was that of a poor book-vender, named Patxot, who kept his shop (a stall) under the pillars of *los Encantes*, at Barcelona. Friar or ex-friar Vincente, for he called himself Don Vicente, had, on expulsion from his convent, established himself under the same pillars, for the purpose of vending books, and had contrived to secure a good share of the literary riches of his convent on his own shelves. Like several bibliopoles amongst ourselves, Vincente, though fond of selling, was still more desirous of having and keeping; and he never parted with a genuine book-treasure without manifest reluctance. At times he was known to fly into a passion and abuse the happy persons who purchased and were about to carry off an antique volume.

About four months since, an auction took place of the library of an old lawyer. Amongst the books was a glorious copy of the *Furs e Ordinacions fetes per los Gloriosos Reis de Aragó als Regnicols del regne de Valencia*. It was printed in 1482, by Palmar, who introduced printing into Spain. Patxot desired much to have it, but Vincente's desire was still greater. The latter bid upwards of 50*l.* sterling, but Patxot bid still higher; and Vincente was obliged to abandon it to his rival. Patxot carried it off in triumph, but Vincente was heard to murmur vengeance. Ere a week had elapsed, the shop of Patxot was consumed by flames, and the body of the unfortunate bibliopole reduced to ashes, together, as it was supposed, with all his treasures.

The authorities did not think of inquiring into a circumstance that seemed natural, until the number of assassinations began to attract attention. A German litterateur, who visited Barcelona, had been found murdered; a curate, also, of the neighbourhood. This was at first attributed to political causes, until, at length, it was remarked, that all the victims were men of studious habits. An alcaide, Don Pablo Rafael, author of many learned works, had disappeared; a Judge, too, and other functionaries.

It was forthwith rumoured that the Inquisition had been secretly re-established, and that a tribunal under its laws held mysterious sittings, and pronounced these fearful sentences, so fearfully executed. Search was made at the domiciles of all persons supposed likely to belong to such a society; and in pursuance of this suspicion the shop of Don or Friar Vincente was searched. Nothing was found but books. The Corregidor seized one of these, the *'Directorium Inquisitorium'* of Gironne, as relating to his object; when the removal of the volume caused another to fall, which had been secreted behind it. This was picked up, and opened, and proved to be the *'Furs e Ordinacions,'* the volume purchased so dearly at the sale by poor Patxot, and which was now found in the possession of his rival bidder. The search was continued, and another book was found, which had belonged to Don Pablo N—, another victim. Vincente was seized, confined, menaced, and at length promised to confess, upon one condition,—viz. that his collection of books should not be scattered or sold to different persons. Satisfied in this respect, Vincente made a clean breast, and repeated his confession, with full explanations respecting his conduct, on the day of his trial.

Placed at the bar, Vincente appeared a little stout, dark man, with ruddy and open countenance. Having made the sign of the cross, he thus began:—

"I will tell the truth; I have promised it. If I have been guilty, it has been with good intentions. I wished to enrich science, and preserve its treasures. If I have done ill, punish me; but leave my books together—they have done no harm. It was most reluctantly I consented to sell my first precious book to a curate. St. John is witness I did my utmost to disgust him with it. I told him it was a bad copy, had a page in manuscript, &c.; all would not do; he paid the price, and went away. As he walked off, along the *Calle Ancho*, I followed him, begged him to take back his money, and return the book. He

refused; and whilst I was entreating him, we reached a lone place. Wearied with his obstinacy, I took out my dagger, and stabbed him, rolled him into the ditch, and covered him with branches, and carried home my precious volume, which I see yonder on the table."

The President then asked if this was the only time he had killed persons for their books. Vincente replied, "My library is too well stocked for that; *no se ganó Zamora en una hora*—Rome was not built in a day."

The President bade him explain how he had despatched the other victims. Vincente replied, "Nothing more simple. When I found a purchaser so obstinate as that he would have the volume, I tore out some pages, well aware that he would come back for them. When he did, I drew him into an inner room, under pretence of replacing the pages, and then despatched him. My arm never failed me."

"Did not your heart revolt at thus destroying the image of your Maker?"

"Men are mortal; they die sooner or later. But books are not so; they are immortal, and merit more interest."

"And you committed murder merely for books?"

"And for what more would you? Books are the *gloria de Dios*"—(the glory of God).

"And Patxot, how did you murder him?"

"I got in by the window, found him asleep, threw a soaped cord about his neck, and strangled him. When he was dead I took off the cord, set fire to the bed, and withdrew."

The advocate of Vincente endeavoured to invalidate the evidence, by proving that the copy of the work which Patxot had bought was not unique. This he succeeded in proving; and which affected his client more than anything else,—more than even his sentence. Notwithstanding, he was condemned to the penalty of the *garrote*—(strangulation).

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WERE an apology necessary for deficiencies over which we have no controul, we might express our regret that past weeks have been so barren of novelties in English literature: the present one is especially unfruitful, with the exception of a book or two, so light as hardly to claim a deliberate examination, and half a dozen *Annals*, whose chief value is their prettiness as table ornaments.

The *Magazines*, too, seem unwilling to put forth much that is new or brilliant for "the month in which Englishmen hang and drown themselves," and to dream rather than live: some of them murmur a word or two concerning things political, and changes which may be—some have retrospective visions of the Bristol Meeting—others again (*Blackwood*, in elegant Latin verse are haunted by sad recollections of poor Malibran. But to quit metaphor, lest we, too, be charged with partaking of the general somnolency, we will specify a few papers that have struck us, while hastily turning over the periodicals of the month, leaving a quarterly journal or two to await more deliberate examination.—In *Blackwood*, the article on State Education in France, though almost at the antipodes of our own philosophy, is worth reading. 'The World we live in' is the first number of a monthly digest of the curious events of the passing day, and promises well.—In *Fraser*, which is illustrated by a portrait of Mr. Lodge, the herald and historian, the papers which most interested us were the 'Secret History of the Irish Association,' (though it need not be told in what colour this is written,) and Sir Egerton Brydges' comments on Wrexall's Posthumous Memoirs. There is power in the 'Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse,' but power thrown away upon painful and revolting subjects.—*Tait* leads off his number by an examination of the effect of the reduction of the stamp duty on newspapers, accompanied by numerical statements, which is valuable and interesting at the present juncture; and begins a series of articles upon Hazlitt with a review of his *Life of Napoleon*.—The *New Monthly*, (to which is appended a likeness of Mr. Horace Smith, accompanied by a dangerous comparison of his merits as a novelist with those of Sir Walter Scott,) has some clever papers—we may instance those on 'High Civilization' and 'Great People.'—The *Metropolitan* is sadly too much of a trade engine; there are

however, some charming snatches of verse by Richard Howitt, scattered here and there, which redeem the number before us.—The old *Monthly* seems to flourish under its new management.—There is much cleverness and variety in the *Scottish Monthly Magazine*, though the tone of its criticisms and light articles is too flippant for our taste.—In the *Dublin University Magazine*, besides certain controversial articles, of which we shall not speak, Mr. Blackie gives us a translation of Goethe's 'Plundersweiler Markt.' The 'Gallery of illustrious Irishmen' is continued, and good, devout, gentlemanly George Herbert held up to deserved admiration in the first of a series of *Essays on the English Poets*.—The *Monthly Repository* takes Laing's Norway as the text for its principal article; and the *Court Magazine* (we could not point to a contrast more complete than exists between these two periodicals), has an expressive and pleasant likeness of Lady John Russell as its president for the month.

We may mention that Baron de Hugel, the scientific traveller, to whose recent voyages to the East Indies and New Holland, we alluded in a late number, (No. 466, p. 708,) is now in England, from which he will shortly take his departure for Vienna. It is said that the notes and journals which he has kept, are unusually ample and interesting; and that his collections of natural history are very extensive.

An interesting exhibition is about to open at Exeter Hall—Giovanni d'Athanas's collection of Egyptian antiquities. It is very complete and extensive: among others of the large articles of peculiar value, we may specify the following numbers in the catalogue—621. The upper part of the case of a mummy of a lady of rank: 622. A sarcophagus of wood richly ornamented with hieroglyphic devices: 623. A singularly complete female mummy from Memphis. The collection too is very rich in toys, bronzes, effigies, and specimens of jewellery: some of the last are startlingly modern in their style and setting. We shall have more to say of this exhibition.

We are authorized to state, that the Lord Mayor's premium of ten guineas for the best essay on the life and institutions of the English legislator, *Offa King of Mercia*, has been adjudged to the Rev. Henry Mackenzie, of Pembroke College, Oxford. A premium to the same amount, to be awarded in October 1837, is offered for the best essay on the life and times of Robert Baron Fitzwalter, Castellan of London in the reign of King John.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday evening this Society commenced its meetings for the ensuing session; Mr. Lyell, President, in the chair.

Mr. Hugh Edwin Strickland, F.G.S., recently returned from Asia Minor, read a paper on the general structure of the country which he visited, accompanied, in part, by Mr. Hamilton, one of the Secretaries of the Society; and announced that the memoir was the first of a series which would give the results of their examination.

The details of the paper were confined to observations made during a winter's residence at Smyrna, and two excursions, one into the valleys of the Meander and Cayster, and the other from Constantinople to Smyrna. The principal physical features of this portion of Asia Minor are four chains of mountains, having a general direction from E. to W., and between which flow the Hermus, the Cayster, and the Meander. Another ridge, having a parallel range, commences with Mount Ida, and extends to the Mysian Olympus. Independently of these leading chains, there are others which, though of similar geological structure, have not the same bearing, and are yet considered by Mr. Strickland to be of equal antiquity.

The geological structure of the country is simple; the formations consisting of granite, micaceous and otherschists associated with beds of marble and quartz rock, Hippurite limestone and schist; tertiary lacustrine and marine deposits; ancient and modern igneous rocks, and recent aqueous accumulations.

The author did not observe granite *in situ*, but on the authority of M. Fontanier, M. Texier, and other travellers, he stated that it constitutes the highest part of Ida, the Mysian Olympus, the Bithynian

Olympus, Mount Dindymus, Mount Tmolus, and Mount Latmus.

The micaceous schist and associated rocks occupy a very important place in the geology of Asia Minor, forming nearly all the mountain chains which intersect the country. The saccharine marbles are connected with the schist, and are extensively wrought in the Island of Proconessus, giving the name of Marmora to the surrounding sea. They also abound at Ephesus, on the W. and S. of Mount Olympus, and in the valley of the Cayster.

The Hippurite limestone, the only representative of that vast system of rocks which occupies a large portion of Europe, and usually termed secondary, is even sparingly displayed in the north-western part of Asia Minor. The chief localities at which it was noticed by Mr. Strickland and Mr. Hamilton are the south side of Lake Apollonia, Mount Tartali, on the E. of Smyrna, Mount Sipylus, the peninsula of Carabourou, and the island of Scio. Associated with the limestone, is occasionally a greenish schistose sandstone, resembling some of the Italian macigno; and at Mount Corax, W. of Smyrna, are compact schistose marls and sandstones, unconnected with limestone, but which the author considers to be of the same age.

The tertiary lacustrine formations occur in nearly every large valley, and appear to have once occupied a much greater surface than at present. They consist of horizontal beds, sometimes several hundred feet thick, of calcareous marl, white limestone, with layers and nodules of brown or black flint, occasionally resembling Italian scaglia, at others chalk, and of white sandy limestone, sandstone, sand, and gravel. They abound, in some localities, with shells of the genera *helix*, *unio*, *cyclas*, *lymnaea*, *planorbis*, and *paludina*; and, near Smyrna, with the remains of dicotyledonous plants. A detailed account was given of the geographical distribution of the formations, and it was stated, as a remarkable circumstance, that though so generally distributed, no trace of these lacustrine deposits exists in the valley of the Cayster.

Tertiary marine deposits occur in the southern part of Tenedos, on the coast of the Troad, and on both banks of the Dardanelles; but, as Mr. Strickland did not personally examine them, no details were offered respecting their structure.

The more ancient volcanic rocks consist of greenstones, trachytes, and basalt. The greenstone occurs chiefly between Kesterlek and Adrianos, and around the village of Eshen. Their connexion with the other formations is not clearly developed, but in consequence of a dyke of greenstone traversing a tertiary deposit near Eshen, Mr. Strickland conceives that the trap in the neighbourhood of that village is not of greater antiquity.

Trachytes were stated to be abundantly scattered over the western portion of Asia Minor, and the author is of opinion that some of them are older, some younger than the lacustrine strata. An enumeration was given of the localities at which igneous rocks were observed by himself and Mr. Hamilton during their journey from Constantinople to Smyrna. The points of chief interest are between Debrant and Taushanli, where volcanic debris is intermixed with a lacustrine sandstone; Ghiediz, where a conical rock of trachytic basalt has poured forth a stream of lava ten feet thick, which rests upon sand and gravel, considered by the author to be probably of later origin than the lacustrine limestone; and the conical trachytic hills W. of Kobek formed by an eruption of volcanic matter, anterior to the lacustrine formation of the plain of Hushak, as the gravel beds of that formation contain many boulders of trachyte.

The modern volcanic rocks were observed only in the district of Catacecaumene, in Lydia, and are termed modern by Mr. Strickland with respect to the other formations, and not to historical events. These volcanic mounds rise partly amidst the lacustrine limestone of the valley of the Hermus, and partly on the slope of the schistose hills, which bound it on the south. They consist of scoriae and lava, and are referable to two epochs, indicated by the difference in their state of preservation and the appearance of the streams of lava which have flowed from them. The older cones, nearly thirty in number, are low and flat; their craters have disappeared, or are marked by a slight depression, and all their prominences seem to have been smoothed by time. They

are also covered with the vineyards producing the Catacecaumene wine, celebrated from the time of Strabo to the present day; and the streams of basalt or lava which have flowed from them are level on the surface, and covered with turf. The newer volcanos, only three in number, though extinct for more than 3000 years, preserve all their characters unaltered; the craters are perfectly defined, and the streams of lava are black, rugged, and barren.

Mr. Strickland then pointed out the perfect resemblance between the structure of the Catacecaumene and that of the volcanic districts of Central France. In both countries are extensive lacustrine, tertiary deposits; volcanic cones, extinct from the most remote historical antiquity, yet connected with streams of lava resembling the latest products of active volcanos; and in each district are tertiary hills, capped by detached plateaux of basalt; and streams of the hardest lava cut through by the action of running water.

Under the head of modern aqueous accumulations an account was given of the travertine deposited by the hot springs at the foot of Mount Olympus, forming a platform, which extends for about two miles from the present springs, into the town of Broussa, where it is about half a mile in width, and 100 feet high.

A description was next given of the changes which have been produced by the sedimentary matter deposited near the mouths of the rivers: thus the island Lode, once the scene of a sea-fight between the Persians and the Ionians, is now a hill in the midst of a plain; the Latmic Gulf is changed into an inland lake; the once flourishing town of Miletus, losing its harbour, is become a heap of ruins; the port of Ephesus is changed into a stagnant pool; and the delta of the Hermus threatens, in a few centuries, to destroy the harbour of the prosperous city of Smyrna.

The memoir concluded with a description of a recent lacustrine deposit in the valley of the Rhynacus, above Kirmasteu, which appears to have been, for the greater part, removed by the action of that river, only detached platforms, 50 or 60 feet high, being left on the sides of the valley.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 1.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Amongst the varieties of specimens exhibited on the table, was the *Spartina polystachya* of Pursh, a species new to the British Flora, discovered the past summer growing abundantly on the muddy banks of the river at Southampton, by Mr. Bromfield. Mr. Gould exhibited a collection of Australian birds, consisting of several new species of Parrots, Finches, Melifera, and Amadina, as also a new species of *Ptilinopus* which was distinguished by a beautiful mical band. Mr. Warden also exhibited a cone of the *Pinus Sabinensis*, and the chairman two stems of the Tree Dahlia, growing abundantly in the interior of Mexico to a height of upwards of seventy feet, and which he had cultivated in his gardens to a height of about seven feet. The secretary read some remarks by Mr. Foster, proving that the *Euphorbia palustris*, which was lately found in the neighbourhood of Bath, and then considered to be a new discovery, was described by Major Johnson in an old edition of Gerard's Herbal, as having been noticed by him in several tracts of the country in 1634. A paper was also read from R. H. Schomburgk, Esq. illustrated with drawings, containing an account of the mode of preparation of the Woorli poison by the Macoosies, the tree from which it was made, he having decided to be *Strychnos toxifera*. In illustration of the paper, Mr. Lambert exhibited a specimen of the plant as seen by Dr. Martins on the Amazons.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 1.—A better exhibition than could have been anticipated took place this day, and many of the plants and fruits were of much interest; particularly the specimens of *Bignonia venusta*, *Oncidium crispum*, *Catsetum cristatum*, *Cactus truncatus*, *Gloxinia maculata*, *Columnnea scandens*, *Stanhoepia eburnea*, seedling chrysanthemums, &c. Among the fruit we particularly observed Queen pine-apples of 4½ lb. weight, and a very fine Enville pine of 6½ lb. 5oz. grown from suckers without fire heat; currants, (with a model of the contrivance for preserving them on the trees) and a collection of excellent pears, including the Beurée

Diel, from standards, and a variety raised by T. A. Knight, Esq., called the Eyewood, which had fruited for the first time in the Society's garden. It was found to possess the high flavour of the Crassane, with the additional merit of being sufficiently hardy to bear as a standard, which the former pear has not.

Silver Knighting medals were awarded to Mr. John Green, gardener to Sir E. Antrobus, Bart., for his collection of plants; to Messrs. Rollison, for their *Oncidium crispum*; and to R. Durant, Esq., for his pine-apples. The next meeting was announced to take place on the 6th of December, at 2 p.m.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 3.—John Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair. The report announced, that the number of visitors to the museum during the past month was 325, from whom the sum of 3l. 3s. had been received, and to the gardens, 8751, and the amount received, 286l. 9s. Various contributions to both departments were also announced, none however being of particular importance.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 4.—J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S. in the chair.—This being the first ordinary meeting, the amended laws, agreed to at the last, were separately taken into consideration, and it was decided that the meetings should be held twice in every month from October to June, and once each month during the remainder of the year, and that the anniversary should be held on the 28th of November, being the birthday of Raye, the eminent English botanist. A recommendation of the Council, that appropriate rooms should be taken at the Adelphi, was also agreed to. Mr. Cooper, the curator, read a paper on the effect of light upon plants, and the results of experiments with coloured fluids upon the common broad bean.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The Members of this Institution held their first meeting, after the vacation, on Wednesday evening; David Pollock, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The Secretary announced that many communications had been received during the recess connected with the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the country. Many valuable presents were also mentioned, and the thanks of the Society ordered to the respective donors. Mr. Lott moved that an address should be presented to his Royal Highness, the President of the Society, on the successful and happy result of the recent operation. The Secretary announced that the commencement of the Illustrations would be on Tuesday evening next,—the subject, 'The principles of Optics, and their application to the construction of Achromatic Object-glasses,' by A. Ross, Esq.—the subject to be resumed on the 13th of December.

The subsequent Illustrations will be—
Jan. 10.—On the Metallurgical History of Iron: Part II. By the Secretary.
Feb. 14.—On the Metallurgical History of Iron: Part III. By the Secretary.
Mar. 14.—On Recent Improvements in Mining. By J. Taylor, Esq.
April 11.—On Recent Improvements in Paper-making. By Edward Cowper, Esq.
May 9.—On the Art of Embossing Paper, Calico, &c. By J. Henning, Esq.
June 13.—On the Manufacture of Sword-blades. By H. Wilkinson, Esq.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.
This Evening, No performance.
On Monday, OTHELLO.
Tuesday, A new grand Opera, in Three Acts, entitled THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.
This Evening, No performance.
On Monday, A favourite Opera, and other Entertainments, for the Benefit of the Printers' Pension Society.
Thursday, THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA; after which, a Musical Olio, for the Benefit of Mr. KNAPP and Mr. BOWEN.
Monday (Nov. 14th), A grand Opera; after which, a broad Farical Operetta, for the Benefit of Mr. WILDSMITH and Mr. BARBER.

OLYMPIC.
This Evening, FORTY AND FIFTY; after which HE WOULD BE AN ACTOR; with A PLEASANT NEIGHBOUR; to conclude with COURT FAVOUR, or Private and Confidential.
On Monday, An entirely new Burletta, entitled, THE BACK ROOM, in which Mr. J. Vining and Madame Vestris will appear; after which HE WOULD BE AN ACTOR; to which will be added, SERENADING; and the OLYMPIC DEVILS, (Orpheus, Madame Vestris.)

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Forrest is improving in favour with the town, and will, we suspect, continue to do so, as his style shall become better known. It is

charged by the English public, upon English dramatic writers, that they have no originality of conception. We may, with great truth, on behalf of the English dramatic writers, retort upon the English public that they have no originality of perception. A new actor appears in such a part as *Othello*, for instance—what are his chances of being fairly judged? If he follows in the track which his predecessors have marked out for him, he is at once put down for an imitator; if he dares to think for himself, and has boldness enough to strike into an untrodden path, "he must be wrong, because it never used to be done so." If the debutant can struggle against the clouds of prejudice with which he is sure to be surrounded, and hold his ground while he buffets them, one by one, away, he may be said to be a lucky man, whatever his genius or talent may be. We are of opinion that Mr. Forrest has the genius, and we sincerely wish him the luck. We are, of course, too late to report upon his *King Lear* of last night.

An American comic actor, Mr. Hill, has made a very successful first appearance here in a downright Yankee part. The audience relished the sly humour with which he told the barefaced lies set down for him, and the solemn mockery of seriousness with which he confirmed them; and he seemed established in favour with them before he had been two minutes on the stage. Mr. Hill was here more fortunate than his more serious countryman; the audience laughed because, being tickled, it was not necessary for them to pause and inquire whether it was right for them to admit that they were amused. They wanted to laugh, and, as little responsibility is incurred by laughing in such a case, they could do so without thinking; and in theatrical matters there is nothing which bothers this "most thinking people" more than having to think.

OLYMPIC.—Two new burlettas were given here on Monday last. 'He would be an Actor,' and 'Serenading.' The first, which is in fact merely a vehicle for a series of personations, has been adapted by Mr. Charles Mathews, from a French piece, in which the leading part used to be sustained by M. Perlet. These personations are successively, an old man—a Welsh gardener—and a French woman. The characters were all three cleverly sustained, but the French woman was by very far the best and truest. Accent, manner, dress, and appearance, all combined to heighten the effect, and confirm the fidelity of the representation: it was much and justly applauded—and indeed, the whole piece was very favourably received. 'Serenading' introduced to these boards a Mr. Conquest, whom we had never seen before. He seems to understand his business, and to be quite at his ease upon the stage. He has humour also, but it is more of the quaint than the rich sort—more of the Harley school, than the Liston. It is, however, unfair to pronounce finally upon once seeing him, and that too in a part which, though pleasant enough, is neither very new nor very prominent. Mr. James Vining's part was a much better one, and he played it with great spirit and cleverness. The piece was only moderately well received. We have unintentionally omitted, in noticing the first piece, to record the acting of Mrs. Orger—she had no very great opportunity, but while she was on the stage, she made it appear as if she had. 'Olympic Devils' was revived on the same evening, and is advertised to be repeated every Monday and Tuesday until further notice.

MISCELLANEA

[From a Correspondent.]—Sir,—In the *Athenæum* of this day [Oct. 22.] I see it stated, that "the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg has been given up to public use." It should be added, that this *Imperial Library*, or at least the far greater part of it, (consisting of 262,240 volumes, and 24,573 prints), formed part of the plunder of Warsaw, from whence they were "conveyed" to St. Petersburg in 1796; and that it had been "given up to public use" by its truly noble founder, Count Zalusky, more than fifty years before. This illustrious Pole dedicated his magnificent library "in ornamentum patriæ, civiumque suorum perpetuum utilitatem;" and his equally illustrious brother made great additions to it, and endowed it with an annual revenue for its perpetual augmentation, "ne quid vel civium commodo,

vel urbis decori deesset." The whole was given into the custody of the College of Jesuits at Warsaw, "sempermore jure," with the express injunction, "ne unquam post fata sua hinc thesaurus vel diripi, vel loco suo moveri queat," and on the condition "ut hocce eruditiois sacrarium, omnibus ac singulis diebus ferialibus, ab ipso matutino ad vespertinum tempus, cuivis vel legendi vel vendendi gratia advenienti pateat." Let it never be forgotten, when the *Imperial Library of St. Petersburg* is mentioned, by what means that library was obtained, and how religiously the patriotic intentions of its founder have been fulfilled. Well might he write with his own hand, at the bottom of the original minute of the inscription, from which the expressions above quoted are taken, the prophetic phrase "sic vos non vobis!"

Entomology.—M. Vallot has discovered a new insect on the leaves of the larch tree, to which he gives the name of *Adelges larici*. Before the leaves unfold, little wrinkled blackish bodies may be seen at the corners by the buds, which are the female insects. At the end of March they are much augmented in size, and when the leaves are quite developed, they lay their eggs and die; these eggs are covered with little white tufts, under which they or the larvæ lie protected for a time; but in June or July the latter may be seen like little black points, and have six feet. The eggs are not long in hatching, and from the little black points just mentioned, they change into green and immovable bodies, which are the chrysalids; the male insect is winged, and the female not. In August they retire to the angles of the leaves, or the cracks of the barks, where they remain torpid till the spring. They do not appear to be injurious to the larch, and are themselves devoured by other insects.

Moon.—M. Gruithuisen, the indefatigable professor of Munich, now publicly declares, that the moon has an atmosphere, and, consequently, clouds. He says that he has seen annular mountains, which are named Eudoxia and Aristotle in his map, covered with a number of points, which in anterior observations had occupied a different position. These moveable points the Professor thinks can be nothing else than the clouds in the moon's atmosphere.

Cast-iron Pipes.—A M. Vicat, correspondent of the French Academy of Sciences, has laid before that body a method of preventing the accumulation of those tuberculous excrescences, which are apt to form in cast-iron pipes conveying water. The first existence of these excrescences was noticed at Grenoble, in consequence of the diminished flow of water from the waterworks, and which, in seven years had been calculated to decrease a little more than 680 pints per minute. After various efforts to prevent this effect of oxidation on the part of several chemists, MM. Gueymard and Vicat, chief engineers, invented a substance, which they call hydraulic mortar, and which, after a trial of two years, has proved efficacious. The composition is not given, but it is applied in successive coatings as occasion requires, with a cannon drag, each coating being allowed to harden before the application of another.

Copper.—Attached to the new works belonging to Messrs. Vigors & Co., in Cwm Avon, is a tunnel for consuming and conveying copper smoke, 1,100 yards in length, viz., from the smelting furnaces to the top of the high hill towards the north-west, called Moly-Mynyddau. In this elevated spot the small quantity, if any, that will escape precipitation, will find its way into the air. Few persons, probably, are aware of the immense quantity of copper thus saved to the proprietor, which in former times was deposited on the neighbouring lands, subjecting him to most expensive actions. In a tunnel not long made by Messrs. Williams & Co., in their works on the Swansea river, 200 tons of copper were taken out, which had been precipitated in the short space of one year—the value of this was 2000*l.*, and much was still left in the tunnel. Chambers are made in the tunnel for attracting the smoke, which is further promoted by the use of steam, so that little of it is allowed to reach the place of exit till it has deposited *in transitu* all its substance. This material, therefore, which not only was formerly lost, but did serious mischief to the adjoining lands, thereby entailing lawsuits of ruinous expense, becomes now a matter of profit.—*Merthyr paper.*

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